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SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON.

Another of the minds of imperial worth has gone from among us with the death of Sir William Mackinnon. Large in the grasp of public questions, large in his sympathies, and great in the quickness by which he 'took occasion by the hand,' whether to push a commercial venture or to seize a favorable moment for the advance of national interest, he was one of the men who do more in a few years than can be accomplished by a score of peddling politicians. Soundness in business and honesty in the wider relations of human affairs seemed with him to be the products of that rooted faith in religion which dominated and guided all he did.... When associated with others, older and of more experience in banking than himself, in the directorate of the Glasgow Bank, he protested against a procedure which he thought bad, and, finding that he was not listened to, he resigned. Years afterwards, when the policy he had objected to brought down the institution with a crash from which many persons in Scotland still greatly suffer, it was attempted to make him responsible for the failure. Advisers came to him, begging him, in his own interest, to compromise the matter. They argued that it would damage his reputation if his name were dragged into the lawsuit, that a given payment would be taken in satisfaction, that he had best compromise the affair, and then he would hear no more of it. Nothing could have happened better calculated to show the metal of Mr. Mackinnon. He declared he would fight it to the end. He was unjustly assailed, and he would show the world that it was so. Not a bawbee would he pay for a compromise. He had given counsel long years before which had been rejected, and he had declined to have anything to do with the bank if guided on the principles he condemned. He would prove to all men that he was right. And so the indictment was brought, and they attempted to make him liable for that which nine years before he had left the directorate for condemning. But, after a weary trial, instead of trouble, came justification and triumph, for the judges, one after the other, in giving judgment, not only exonerated him from all blame, but expressed their sorrow that the advice he had given had not been taken. If Mr. Mackinnon's voice had been listened to, the Glasgow Bank smash would never have occurred. The result of the trial was a personal triumph to him and a homage to that steadfastness of character for which he was so conspicuous. Success crowned almost everything he undertook; nor will the last of his great enterprises be an exception if Equatorial East Africa be taken over by the British State of the Zanzibar Sultanate. It is best at this time to touch lightly only on those troubles which struck him such hard blows during his last months of life. We desire to cover with flowers the bier of our friend, and it would not be grateful to him were we to show the ways in which his generosity and nobility of mind were met. Patriotism can do much to exhibit a Government in a light which history may mourn, but the exposure would in itself be a pain to the patriot. Sir William received a baronetcy for the services performed in carrying out the desire of a 'Liberal' Government; but he lived to see another Government calling itself by the same title afraid to support the policy the country had encouraged a private citizen to commence. Let us hope that now the earth has closed over him Britain will not allow his efforts to extend her reputation and carry freedom into the Dark Continent to be buried under weak taunts and an inglorious fear of responsibility. The best monument we can raise to him is the fixed resolve that slavery shall cease in Central Africa, and that can only be carried out by the manful facing of responsibilities, from which we cannot in honor shrink—responsibilities which, like other dangers, become the less formidable as we grapple with them. Were danger, indeed, alone to be thought of, there is far more peril in refusing to take our part in concert with European nations and our own Colonies than in taking our place in line with them. Sir William Mackinnon believed that courage and honor pay—an old-fashioned belief, perhaps, but one his friends will certainly see triumphant in Africa, even if they have, as hitherto, to defray the whole cost of the proof themselves. He was encouraged by Lord Granville to accept the concession of the coast region from the Sultan; he was spurred on by the same Minister and his representative in the House of Commons to occupy the regions about Kilimanjaro. We believe that the country will find in the wide sphere of influence allotted to it by European sanction, extending as this area does over 700,000 square miles, a field for the opening of new markets as well as for the opportunity to show that we have not lost our sense of what is due to the comity of nations, and to the place we have hitherto held in the regard of the world, as pioneers in the liberation of the slave. It is supposed that such high ideals cannot go with commercial enterprise; that the one is unselfish, the other selfish. Does history confirm this, or is it not the case that wherever commerce has extended there, also, the central influence which directs the State which sends the merchants, insists on its policy? Can British commerce dominate any country and slavery survive? Let those who decry commerce answer this question, and point to any region which has not been benefited by our advent? They who affect to despise any high endeavors, imputing sordid motives and so hold aloof, have to show how else this object they profess to desire can be accomplished. They are as a rule men who cry out on others but never offer to pay a cent themselves, and their highest achievement is to call attention to their own importance for good. Such persons are capable of vilifying the best physician because he uses medicines they profess are nasty.

SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON.

There is a zeal which is still more incomprehensible to the idlers and 'supers' of the pavement. This is religious zeal. 'Cold missionary' is the only condition in which any 'hot gospeller' is tolerable. They who believe in nothing, accomplish little. Sir William was a great believer, and a great doer. His creed and his deed went much together. His 'plantations' were often church stations, and much money did he give both at home and abroad to aid his Church. The early education he had received with his father and mother at Campbelton, where he belonged to a Highland family, surrounded by the descendants of Covenanters, imbued him deeply with Church ideas, and those mostly of an old-fashioned type. He would often say that he attributed all his success in life, under God, to the keeping of the Sunday. He would seldom open even a telegram on that day, a letter never, if he could help it. The rest thus given to him he considered an immense good. Not naturally strong, his slight frame was apt to be shaken by the cough that finally killed him. His work was constant during the week, but on the Sunday he would sit in the morning daily with his Bible before him, and during the day would walk and talk, and enjoy society. He was most sociable, and was full of fun and good spirits. Tenacious of his religious views, he was tolerant, and had seen far too much of the world to expect all men to be cut on one pattern, bodily or spiritual, and the London Presbyterian Churches knew him well. A fifty-pound cheque was always at hand for them if they needed it, and his gifts of money were often very large. He loved to give secretly, and one of his last injunctions was with regard to a present, 'Do not let my name appear.' His chief delight was the Book of Psalms; and indeed, he disliked to have anything else sung at worship. When twitted about this he was always most good-natured, but would say, 'Aye, there's nothing like David's Psalms. 'Strange,' he said the other day, 'that I should have been stricken down just at the three score and ten!' A most constant friend, he would not let drop anyone because he heard evil of him. Rather would he tell him straight out what he thought of him, if there were occasion to do so. In dress he was neatness itself. Always upright in carriage, his keen blue eyes were most observant in their expression. He would say of artists: 'They can't manage my nose;' but the nose was a very well formed one, of fine outline, with clear cut nostrils, and its prominence was relieved by a firm mouth and chin. His hair,

which had been black, was still abundant in silvery grey until shortly before his death. He wore only short whiskers, and in his appearance, the cleanliness and activity of his mind, spoke in his movements. Decision and courtesy were singularly blended in him, and his accent had that indefinite charm which accompanies the 'Highland manner.'

People said he was too masterful, and inclined to treat others as he would the clerks in his office. But he was always especially kind to those under him, although he was not slow to tell them where they were wrong. His outspoken ways, when addressed to others, were sometimes misunderstood. He had no idea of concealing his opinion if he thought that he could influence others to adopt his views, or if he imagined that a man, or for that matter, a woman, was in the habit of doing what King David would have called 'exalting their horn.' A girl who had been speaking rather conceitedly to him one day was asked if, as a child, she had never received a 'good old-fashioned whipping,' and she quoted the saying in later life with an approbation that did her credit. He was, perhaps, too independent to make a good Parliamentary candidate. When contesting Argyleshire he had no notion of sacrificing his opinions to please anyone. 'Whore will you sit in the House?' asked a puzzled elector. 'Wherever I can find a seat,' he replied. His kindness to the poor, if they were deserving, was most constant. Lately he bought a property in Skye where were resident a number of people of his own name. These crofters and cottars have certainly had a good time since he became their neighbor. Provided with savings banks, telegraph, better houses, and clothes, and remunerative labor, they will feel his loss deeply. Let us hope that his work will live after him. Let us trust that the honor of the British Government will enable a far more numerous people than his poor tenantry on the Scottish western shores to bless his name. If Britain be true to her old traditions she will not let the hope raised by the life of her great citizen die. If our national pride has not utterly forsaken us, the whole of the regions Mackinnon opened up in Equatorial Africa will have cause to remember him, as the precursor of that Light and Liberty which they will owe to the last years of a life simple and crowned with the nobility of great and good deeds done in faith and honor.—*By the Marquess of Lorne, K. T., in the Graphic.*

A REVIVAL INCIDENT.

During the progress of a revival at St. Paul's M. E. church an old man, a stranger, presented himself at the altar to find salvation.

A brother, noticing that his coming had attracted considerable attention on the part of the congregation, stated that this man had been in every part of the globe where a ship had touched. He had sailed entirely around the world, and yet had never sought the Lord until now.

He did not wonder the people were surprised, when they saw his gray hairs, that he should have delayed seeking the Lord until now.

It was a wonderful sight to look into the old man's face and see the varying emotions passing through his mind. His face certainly was an index of his thoughts. Now—almost grasping the plan of salvation; again—in doubt if it was intended for him; always a childlike attention to the details of what he was to do. First, sorrow for sin, then belief in willingness of Jesus to save him. Then, when he ceased pleading and looked up into our faces with a look of joy and glad surprise, we knew he was saved.

He then requested permission to speak, and, facing the audience, he said: 'When I came in this room to-night everything was heavy. I took off my overcoat, thinking it was that, but found that the weight was in my breast; then your pastor came to me—God bless him—and invited me into a back room, where he and others prayed for me; but it was not until I had knelt at this altar and confessed my sins that the load was removed. Now it is gone. I have a good conscience, my heart is light. Oh! I feel so different!'

Then one of the trustees of the church requested permission to speak. He said, 'This man has lived over 20 years within 200 yards of my house. I have known him all that time intimately. We have worked at the polls together, spent nights with each other in the interest of our parties. He is the last man I should have thought of speaking to on the subject of religion; and yet he has come here and I have seen him converted. I feel that I have failed in my duty as a Christian. He is 64 years old. I have had many opportunities to call his attention to his soul's interests, but was too much interested in his temporal welfare. I hope God will forgive my neglect, and I promise before God and his people that I will do better in the future.' Then, stepping toward the man, he said, 'John, give us your hand; we have worked together for many years for our parties, now let us pledge ourselves over this sacred altar that we will hereafter just as earnestly work for the Lord.'

It was a thrilling sight, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The strangest part of all was how this man came to come to the church. On the night before, the pastor had requested the members to see if they could not each bring a sinner to the church. One of the members, who had not been attending the church regularly until the revival was started, determined to try to carry out the wishes of the pastor. He went in the afternoon to two of the members of the church and requested their prayers and suggestions that he might use the best method to bring this man, who for years had lived in the same house with himself, to the church. When night came, and he started for church, he said, 'John, we are having grand services at our church; I wish you would come.' To his astonishment, the answer was, 'I will.'—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

HINTS TO CHURCH MEMBERS.

Religious life needs culture. Nourish it by the study of the Bible, by prayer, and by the faithful performance of Christian duty.

Make it a rule to attend at least one devotional meeting a week besides the Sabbath services.

Connect yourself actively with some department of church work.

Consecrate to Christ's service some definite proportion of your income, as the minimum of your gifts.

Keep yourself informed as to the progress of Christ's kingdom throughout the world.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Cultivate, so far as you can, the acquaintance of your fellow-members in this household of faith.

In your business and your recreations, let your light shine. While in the world, be not of it.

Welcome strangers, and introduce them.

Strive daily to grow in grace, in knowledge, and in the spirit of obedience to Christ. Remember constantly, 'Ye are not your own.'—*Evangelical Messenger.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 17, 1893.

THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.—Rev. 1:9-20.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.'—Phil. 2:9.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rev. 1:1-20.—The Glorified Saviour.
T. Dan. 7:9-18.—The Ancient of Days and the Son of Man.
W. Rev. 2:1-11.—Ephesus, Smyrna.
Th. Rev. 2:12-29.—Pergamos, Thyatira.
F. Rev. 3:1-22.—Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea.
S. Isa. 41:1-14.—The Holy One of Israel.
S. Isa. 48:9-19.—The First and the Last.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Voice of Majesty. vs. 9-11.
II. The Vision of Glory. vs. 12-16.
III. The Living Redeemer. vs. 17-20.

TIME.—Written about A.D. 96, at the close of the reign of the Roman Emperor Domitian.

PLACE.—Written either on the island of Patmos in the Ægean Sea, where the visions were seen by John, or in Ephesus after John's return from exile.

OPENING WORDS.

John was banished to the island of Patmos during the latter part of the reign of the Emperor Domitian. Patmos was one of the group called Sporades in the Ægean Sea. It is now called Patino. Here John was favored with the visions which are recorded in this closing book of the New Testament.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

9. *Companion*—Revised Version, 'partaker with you.' 10. *In the Spirit*—under special spiritual influence. *The Lord's day*—the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath. 11. *Ephesus*—the capital of Proconsular Asia, near the Mediterranean. *Smyrna*—on the Mediterranean, twenty miles north of Ephesus. *Pergamos*—sixty miles north of Smyrna. *Thyatira*—northeast of Smyrna. *Sardis*—fifty miles south-east of Thyatira. *Philadelphia*—seventy miles east of Smyrna. *Laodicea*—a city in Phrygia, one hundred and ten miles east of Ephesus. 12. *Seven golden candlesticks*—representing the seven churches. 13. *In the midst*—encircled by them. *The Son of man*—the man Christ Jesus. 14. *White*—indicating purity, dignity and glory. *As a flame of fire*—symbol of light and power. 16. *In his right hand*—under his special care and command. *Seven stars*—see verse 20. 17. *The first and the last*—the Eternal One. 18. *He that liveth*—Revised Version, 'The Living One.' *The keys*—power, authority. *Hell*—Hades, the place of the dead. 19. *Which are*—the present state of the seven churches. *Which shall be*—the revelations of the future which he is about to receive. 20. *Mystery*—hidden meaning concealed under these emblems. *Angels*—messengers, ministers, pastors.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the author of the book of Revelation? When and where was it written? To whom is it addressed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE VOICE OF MAJESTY. vs. 9-11.—Where was John? How came he to be there? What does he say in verse 10? What did he hear? What did the one speaking say of himself? What was he told to write? To what churches was he to send it?

II. THE VISION OF GLORY. vs. 12-16.—What did John see? Who stood in their midst? How is he described? What were in his right hand? What went out of his mouth? What was his countenance like? What does the whole description show?

III. THE LIVING REDEEMER. vs. 17-20.—What effect had this vision on John? What sign of tenderness did Christ show him? What comforting words did he speak? What did he say of himself? What did he direct John to do? What was represented by the *seven stars*? By the *seven golden candlesticks*? By the *angels*?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should glorify Christ as our Saviour, God over all, blessed forevermore.
2. He is ever in the midst of his churches to defend and bless them.
3. He supports and comforts his ministers with his own right hand.
4. He is a present, living Saviour, able and willing to do for us all we need.
5. Churches receive their light from him, and should hold it forth to others.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Where was John when he saw the vision of this lesson? Ans. He was in the island of Patmos for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.
2. What did he hear? Ans. A great voice as of a trumpet.
3. What did the one speaking say to him? Ans. What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia.
4. What did John see? Ans. Seven golden candlesticks, and one in the midst of them like unto the Son of man.
5. What effect had this sight upon John? Ans. He fell at Christ's feet as dead.
6. What did the glorified Saviour do? Ans. He laid his hand upon John, saying, Fear not.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 24, 1893.

THE GREAT INVITATION.—Rev. 22:8-21.

1. A Missionary Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'—Rev. 22:17.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rev. 22:1-21.—The Great Invitation.
T. Luke 13:24-30.—The Saviour's Warning.
W. Matt. 11:20-30.—The Saviour's Call.
Th. Matt. 12:35-50.—The Saviour's Assurance.
F. Matt. 22:1-14.—The Saviour's Threat.
S. Luke 12:32-44.—The Saviour's Admonition.
S. Isa. 55:1-13.—The Saviour's Appeal.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Last Coming. vs. 8-12.
II. The Last Invitation. vs. 13-17.
III. The Last Blessing. vs. 18-21.

TIME.—Written about A. D. 96, at the close of the reign of the Roman Emperor Domitian.

PLACE.—Written either on the island of Patmos in the Ægean Sea, where the visions were seen by John, or in Ephesus, after John's return from exile.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. *I fell down*—from the words of the angel, he thought he was in the presence of his Lord. 10. *He*—the angel speaking for Jesus. *Seal not the sayings*—do not keep them secret, but publish them. 11. *He that is unjust*—words of warning: 'Go on in your wicked course if you will; be sure the time of settlement is at hand.' Compare Eccles. 11:3. *He that is righteous*—words of consolation: 'Be faithful in the right, though called to endure fiery trials: your trials will soon be over.' 12. *Behold, I come quickly*—compare 1 Pet. 4:7. 13. *That do his commandments*—Revised Version, 'That wash their robes.' 17. *The Spirit*—the Holy Spirit. *The bride*—the church. *Come*—to Jesus and be saved. *Let him that heareth say, Come*—let the one hearing and heeding the invitation of the Spirit and the bride take it up and repeat it. *Let him that is athirst*—that feels his need of salvation. *Whosoever will*—no matter how sinful and unworthy. 18. *Testify*—solemnly declare. *This book*—this book of the Revelation. *The plagues*—the fearful doom here denounced against the enemies of Christ. 19 *Out of the book of life*—Revised Version, 'from the tree of life.' 20. *He which testifieth these things*—the Lord Jesus. *I come quickly*—to call each of you to the rewards and retributions of eternity. *Amen, Even so, come, Lord Jesus*—thus the prophet responds to the assurance of his Lord. 21. *Be with you all*—Revised Version, 'be with the saints.'

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE LAST COMING. vs. 8-12.—What was John about to do? How was he prevented from doing this? What was John forbidden to do? What warning was given? How was it enforced? What coming of Christ is here meant? In what other New Testament passages is it foretold?

II. THE LAST INVITATION. vs. 13-17.—What does Jesus say of himself? Whom does he pronounce *blessed*? Who are shut out from the heavenly city? Who does Jesus declare himself to be? What last invitation is here given? Of what Old Testament invitation is this the repetition?

III. THE LAST BLESSING. vs. 18-21.—What is threatened against the one who adds to the things written in this book? What against the one who takes from them? What last promise does Jesus give? What is John's response to this promise? What is the last benediction?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All are invited to come and partake of the privileges of the gospel.
2. Everyone who hears the gospel invitation should repeat it.
3. We must receive God's word just as he gives it, neither adding to it nor taking from it.
4. To Christ's promise of coming, let every one respond, 'Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did our Lord announce his last coming? Ans. Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.
2. What last invitation did he give? Ans. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.
3. What last promise did he give? Ans. Surely I come quickly.
4. What was the apostle's response? Ans. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.
5. What last benediction is pronounced? Ans. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 24, 1893.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.—Matt. 2:1-11.

2. A Christmas Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.'—Matt. 1:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1:26-33.—The Annunciation to Mary.
T. Luke 1:46-55.—Mary's Song.
W. Luke 2:1-20.—The Birth of Jesus.
Th. Matt. 1:18-25.—Jesus the Saviour.
F. Micah 5:1-7.—Out of Bethlehem.
S. Luke 2:21-38.—The Meeting in the Temple.
S. Matt. 2:1-11.—The Visit of the Wise Men.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Quest of the Wise Men. vs. 1, 2.
II. The Terror of Herod. vs. 3-8.
III. The Star of the Child. vs. 9-12.

TIME.—Jesus was born in the year of the world 4000, four years before the date from which we number our A.D. (Anno Domini, the year of our Lord); so that he was born eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, not eighteen hundred and ninety-three, years ago. The visit of the wise men was a few weeks after the birth of Jesus. Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem; now a thriving town with about four thousand inhabitants. Its modern name is Beit-Lahm.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the mother of Jesus? Where was he born? How came Joseph and Mary to be at Bethlehem? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE QUEST OF THE WISE MEN. vs. 1, 2.—Who came to Jerusalem? What did they ask? Why had they come? How did they know about the King of the Jews? For what should we seek Jesus?

II. THE TERROR OF HEROD. vs. 3-8.—Who was king at that time? How did the coming of the wise men affect Herod? Why was Jerusalem troubled? What did Herod try to find out? Of whom did he inquire? What was their answer? What did Herod ask of the wise men? Why *privily*? Why did he wish to know this? Whither did he send the wise men? What did he tell them to do? Why did he give them these directions?

III. THE STAR OF THE CHILD. vs. 9-11.—What did the wise men do? How were they guided? Where did they find the infant King? Who else did they see? What did they do? Meaning of *worshipped him*? What gifts did they offer? What gifts should we bring to Jesus?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should earnestly seek Jesus.
2. God will guide us to him.
3. We should rejoice when we have found him.
4. We should honor him with our best gifts.
5. We should worship him with our hearts, lips and lives.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. When was Jesus born? Ans. In Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king.
2. Who came to Jerusalem in quest of him? Ans. Wise men from the east, guided by a star.
3. How did Herod feel when he heard the question of the wise men? Ans. He was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.
4. Why was he troubled? Ans. He feared that this infant would be king in his place.
5. What did the wise men do when they found the infant king? Ans. They worshipped him, and presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHY YOUNG CHILDREN SHOULD NOT EAT MEAT.

Those who advocate the non-use of meat for young children have good reason for such advocacy, says a correspondent in the 'Ladies' Home Companion.'

One reason is this: the teeth of a little child are not suited to the mastication of meat. Another reason that would cause me to withhold it is because I know beyond all doubt that meat—beef especially—makes children nervous, fretful, cross, and therefore quarrelsome. This may seem a novel idea to some, but it is a well-established fact. More than one family of quarrelsome, peevish children have become peaceable and good-natured simply by giving up the use of meat.

Some three years since a kind and conscientious mother said: 'The greatest trial of my life is that my children quarrel with each other. I cannot understand the reason. Nothing they do annoys me so much, and by teaching, persuasion and punishment, I have been unable to change their habit.'

Hoping to give her aid, I asked many questions; among other things in regard to diet. She told me they were great meat eaters—her husband and brother must have it three times a day, and often the children scarcely eat anything else. I told her the story of the bear that was kept in the museum in Giessen. When fed on bread only, it was quiet and tractable. Even children could play with it with impunity. But a few days' feeding upon meat would make it furious, quarrelsome and dangerous. She agreed to try the experiment upon her children.

I counselled her, as her husband did not dine at home, to make a special dinner for the children. Instead of giving them scraps of cold meat, pies and cakes, make them milk-toast, tiny Graham or corn meal gems, cracked wheat, with fruit sauce, fruit pudding, etc. Spare no pains in making it attractive and palatable. Decorate the table with fruit and flowers, and make the occasions frequent when their own holiday presents of china should be used. Follow this with a light lunch at night, of simple, farinaceous food, before the ordinary family dinner. In this way they would be tempted with the meat only at breakfast, and even then fresh fish, fish-balls, omelets, etc., might be made to supplant steak and ham.

This lady entered into the plan heartily, and although it required study, tact and perseverance, she was more than amply paid. In less than a month she could see a difference in the habits of her children, and in one year afterward she testified that it would hardly be recognized as the same family. The children were cheerful, playful, gleeful, and full of spirit. In place of fretfulness and quarrels, they were kind, benevolent and considerate to each other. Besides, they seldom had acute attacks of fevers or inflammations.

This may seem strange to some who have always considered meat an essential article of diet. It is not merely a theory, or, if one, it is one whose practice brings forth the most beneficent effects. Meat is not needed to develop muscle or strength. The grains are far more nutritious, and fruits, if ripe and not decayed, are entirely wholesome.

Let the mothers of cross, quarrelsome children look into their diet and see if their peevishness is not the result of improper feeding, rather than innate naughtiness or 'original sin.'

THE CARE OF WINDOWS.

It is surprising that women do not more often adopt the method used by storekeepers for cleaning and polishing glass. I have tried it myself for several months, and found it especia valuable during cold weather, when it would not be practicable to use water outside. I use it both in and out. Provide yourself with common alcohol and whiting; make the cloth damp, but not wet, with the liquid; then dip it into the whiting. Rub the glass as you would if using soap and water. Polish with chamois. Windows cleaned in this manner will shine and sparkle, and will keep clean much longer than if done in the old laborious way of rinsing and wiping and polishing.—*St. Louis Republic.*

BATHING THE BABY.

BY SUSAN MUNROE STOWE.

Most young, inexperienced mothers know well the feeling of inadequacy that overwhelms one upon being left for the first time with the sole care and responsibility of a little helpless baby. The apparently simple matter of bathing and dressing the infant is at first fraught with anxiety; and as the child, troubled by the unaccustomed handling, generally screams from beginning to end of the operation, the mother, unless she is blessed with unusually strong nerves, finds herself at the end of her labors hot, flustered, and quite exhausted. At least this has been my experience, and but for the kindly counsel of an old nurse I should hardly have conquered my difficulties as quickly as I did.

She gave me two bits of advice which I found most practical. The first was to handle the child with the palms of the hands and not with the tips of the fingers; and the second to bathe each part of the body so thoroughly the first time that the process need not be repeated and the baby needlessly wearied. Another scrap of wisdom from the same source, I believe, related to the dressing of the child. 'The little body,' she said, 'should be well protected with flannel, especial care being taken that the bowels were kept warm, but to swathe the little helpless victim with layer upon layer of flannel, especially in warm weather, was nothing but cruelty.'

Many mothers, particularly young mothers, are guilty of this unintentional cruelty, growing out of ignorance and over-anxiety. As the babies cannot speak for themselves, I for one rejoice that there are old nurses to speak for them.—*Christian at Work.*

THE USE OF MONEY.

The following sensible words from the *Century* must commend themselves to all who desire the best training for girls:

'Two things should be included in the education of every girl: she should be taught practically the value and use of money, and she should be trained to do some sort of work by which she can earn a livelihood, if need be. Children of eight or ten years of age should have an allowance. They are too young, of course, to be trusted with a large amount of money, but they should be given a fixed sum; if they ever in a year over-run the allowance, let them feel the consequence of their folly, mistakes, or self-will. Do not come in and make up deficiencies, unless in very exceptional cases. In this way they will learn wisdom in the use of money; the reasoning faculties, the power of estimating the relative value of things, will be gained while the child is still under the protection of parents, and the experience will be bought at its cheapest rate.

'Children are practically more grateful for money given freely for their own use, as a regular allowance, than they are for the separate articles purchased for them. They themselves have a chance to learn the luxury of giving, and they enjoy the presents made to them outside the stipulated sum far more than when bestowed under other circumstances. The independence nurtured by this system is of the right sort.'

THEY LEARN TO USE THE HANDS.

The farm child gets an invaluable manual and mental discipline and training of which the city child is deprived. A great deal of manual labor must of necessity be done, and it is no mean acquisition to be able to turn one's hand to any of the more common things, the doing of which in a skilful manner have so much to do with the comfort and success of life. The daughter in the farm home learns to cook and sew and keep the rooms tidy, learns a multitude of the details of house and home keeping, which though apparently trivial and insignificant in themselves, yet lie at the foundation of the best civilization. No state can long exist without happy homes, and the girl away back in some lonely farmhouse who is being carefully trained by her mother for home making, may be receiving a higher and far more useful education than the city girl whose training is in music, French and fashionable dressing, or even in high school and college. And so the farmer's son, who is learning to be a good farmer, who is carefully trained day by day in the great and small duties of farm life, who is learning to be sober, industrious and honest, who is being developed under the eye of a sensible, progressive, wide-awake father, is getting a training of more value so far as real success and usefulness in life are concerned, than the city boy gets with all the advantages he is supposed to have in schools and teachers and different forms of training.—*The Voice.*

MAKE NO EXTRA WORK.

The golden rule in housework should be 'make no extra work,' writes Juliet Corson in a valuable article on 'The Routine of the Household' in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. Have a system of living and maintain it. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Near the entrance door have suitable holders for coats, hats, wraps, umbrellas, canes, over and outdoor shoes, etc., and see that they are kept there. In the sitting-room have a place for writing and sewing materials, and a special table for books, magazines and papers, and insist upon it that they shall be put there instead of being left where they drop from the reader's hands, only to be picked up by the tired mother, whose work in some households seems never-ending.

WHERE TO ECONOMIZE.

A mother who was particularly successful in keeping her children at home evenings—so much so that it was with difficulty they could be induced to accept an invitation to spend an evening away from home—was asked if she had any particular secret for making home attractive. She replied that she could think of none except that she always kept her sitting-room and parlors very light. 'In the evenings,' she said, 'we always have all the light we want; we put the gas on till both back and front parlors are brilliantly lighted and then we keep the house comfortably warm all over. This is the only secret, if it is a secret.' When the objection was made that this must be very expensive she replied, 'Oh, well, we will economize in something else if necessary, but a cheerful light in the evening we will have.'

Her remark was very suggestive, not only of the great difference between the cheerfulness of a well-lighted house, and the gloom of one where the light is poor and stinted, but of the choice there is in matters of economy. In these times nearly every one has to study economy in some directions, but in family life it ought to be directed and exercised in anything rather than the curtailing of family comforts. This is especially true of food, warmth and comfortable clothing. Better to wear the plainest outside garments, better to have no extra suit, better to put up with old and patched furniture than to deprive any of real comforts, especially the children. Warmth and light are among the most essential of these. They are the attractions used by saloons and other places of temptation, to draw our sons from our homes. We must counteract these by providing better attractions of the same kind. We cannot afford to economize too much in these comforts.

This principle holds especially true in regard to children's food and clothing. There are two articles of food, which nearly all children are fond of, which are nutritious and wholesome, but which are often economized in unwisely. These are milk and sugar. Better to do without desserts all the time if necessary, better banish pies and puddings altogether, and let the children have their milk to drink and plenty of sugar on their oatmeal and stewed apples. Better a dime's worth of good pure candy occasionally than the costly and indigestible mince pie. In clothing, too, the same discrimination should be observed. Plenty of good warm under-clothing, good stockings and stout, well-fitting shoes will make comfortable the plainest dress. If economy must be studied in children's clothing, let it be in the direction of reducing ruffles and trimmings and articles of outside show, and not in those things which give warmth and comfort.

To practice economy successfully requires a great deal of study and experience. It is not generally a very encouraging or pleasant thing to do, and yet these are those who have learned to enjoy and even become enthusiastic in it. It has seemed to some to have the fascination of a game to see how little they could live on and yet live comfortably. We have learned a great deal of late years of the possibilities of economy of food even while having better and more palatable food on our tables than even before. So if one is obliged to economize, it is better to do it in a cheerful spirit than complainingly and fretfully. And since to accomplish or achieve any desired result is always a satisfaction, there may be a certain reward in the study and experimenting that leads to a knowledge of how to economize in the best way; how to live comfortably and at the same time cheaply.—*Interior.*

WASHING ART MUSLINS.

What is the best way of washing art muslins to preserve their colors? They must be only washed and ironed, and never starched at all; some are better even not ironed, but simply pinned out to dry. No soda must be used, nor even strongly alkaline soap. About a teaspoonful of vinegar to every quart of water has a considerable effect in keeping the colors from running. The more delicate articles should if possible be put into cold water, and washed speedily one at a time, finishing each off before wetting another.

A CUSHION.

A cheap but pretty cushion for the seat of a rocker is made of red and white ticking, divided into large squares by cross lines of feather stitching in black wash silk. Within each square is worked a field daisy in white and yellow, the petals of the flower being single stitches of coarse white floss. Each flower must be large enough to fill the entire square. Fasten the cushion to the chair with a narrow red gimp and gilt-headed tacks.

RECIPES.

(From Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.)

HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.—Chop fine the trimmings from cold boiled or roasted ham. Toast and butter slices of stale bread. Spread the ham on these, and place these in the oven for about three minutes. Beat six eggs with half a cupful of milk, a little pepper, and one teaspoonful of salt. Put this mixture in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken. Take off, and beat for a moment; then spread on the ham and toast. Serve immediately.

APPLE AND RICE PUDDING.—One cupful and a half of uncooked rice, and two dozen apples. Wash the rice well, and soak two hours in cold water. Peel and quarter the apples. Wet the pudding-cloth and spread it in the colander. Cover with two thirds of the rice. Lay in the apples, having them packed as closely as possible. Sprinkle the remainder of the rice over them. Tie as tightly as possible, and plunge into boiling water. Boil one hour. Serve with molasses sauce.

SALLY LUNN.—One quart of flour, one generous pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a cake of compressed yeast. Have the milk blood warm, and add the butter, melted; the eggs, well beaten; and the yeast, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pour, gradually, on the flour, and beat into a smooth batter; then add the salt and sugar. Butter baking-pans, and pour in the batter to the depth of about two inches. Let it rise two hours in a warm place. Bake half an hour.

CANADA GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of molasses, five of flour, three eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of soda, one teacupful of cream or rich milk, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one pound of currants. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar, molasses, and spice; next the eggs, well beaten; then the milk, in which the soda has been dissolved; next the flour; and lastly the currants. This will make three sheets, or two very thick ones. Bake in a moderately quick oven, if in three sheets, twenty-five minutes: if in two sheets, ten minutes longer.

ESCALOPED OYSTERS.—Two quarts of oysters, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of cream or milk, four teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two quarts of stale bread crumbs, and spice, if you choose. Butter the escalop dishes and put in a layer of crumbs and then one of oysters. Dredge with the salt and pepper, and put small pieces of butter here and there in the dish. Now have another layer of oysters, seasoning as before; then add the milk, and, finally, a thick layer of crumbs, which dot with butter. Bake twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. The crumbs must be light and flaky. The quantity given above is enough to fill two dishes.

BEEF STEAK.—Have it cut thick. It will never be good, rich, and juicy if only from one fourth to one half an inch thick. It ought to be at least three quarters of an inch thick. Trim off any suet that may be left on it, and dredge with salt, pepper, and flour. Cook in the double broiler, over or before clear coals, for ten minutes, if to be rare; twelve, if to be rather well done. Turn the meat constantly. Serve on a hot dish with butter and salt, or with mushroom sauce, *maître d'hotel* butter, or tomato sauce. Do not stick a knife or fork into the meat to try it. This is the way many people spoil it. Pounding is another bad habit; much of the juice of the meat is lost. When, as it sometimes happens, there is no convenience for broiling, heat the frying-pan very hot, then sprinkle with salt, and lay in the steak. Turn frequently.

REX GRAVELY'S 'SKELETON.'

Mrs. Gravely's room was sitting-room, parlor, and study, all in one, so artfully arranged with bits of bright color, fresh chintzes, and living vines, that an ordinary visitor would never have taken it for a battle-ground against poverty.

A little, cheerful grate showed the glow of a coal fire, and beside the stove were two chairs on which hung drying a pair of long woollen stockings and a pair of mittens—boys' winter things.

Their owner Rex Gravely, who had been out snowballing after school, sat in a low rocking-chair, nursing his knees. He was ten years old.

Rex was fond of play, fond of school, fond of his classmates, fond of reading, but fond above everything of his mother, with whom he lived alone. His father had died three years before.

Rex thought there never was a mother, anywhere, so clever, so sweet, so wonderful! No end to the things she could do! She could help a fellow 'every time' with his studies, every bit as well as 'Prof.' at school. She could not only paint flowers and landscapes on satin, velvet, and wood, but could write out of her own head the most interesting stories. She got 'lots of money,' according to Rex, for these same paintings and stories, with which she kept her and his tiny home pretty, sent him to school, clothed him, made delightful his birthday, Christmas and every other day as well.

But Rex was not always happy—not altogether. For he had a Skeleton in the Closet, the terror of which he had to bear all by himself, in dark and daylight, at home and at school, everywhere and always.

Just now he sat by the fire looking into the glowing coals, or glancing at his mother as she sat resting her tired head on one hand, while with the other she wrote smoothly on, as if copying. By-and-by she threw down her pen.

'Have you got it finished, mother?' Rex called out, as he saw her beginning to place her loose sheets of paper in an orderly pile.

'Yes, Rex.' She checked a sigh, and turned to smile at him.

She was discouraged to-night—she often was; not by the necessity of constant work, for she was brave and industrious, but from the uncertainty of being able always to dispose of her work. Rex did not know what a tax this was upon her strength and heart, and what fear it gave her that she might find herself unable to keep up the little home, and so have to be separated from her boy.

'I hope it's a boy's story this time, mother,' Rex went on. 'Girls' stories aren't good. And I hope you didn't put in any conversations. I always skip the conversations—they break into a story so.'

'How nice if the whole reading public were of your opinion, you boy!' said his mother in a fond tone, as she came over to the fire. She carefully felt all the things he had wet in his afternoon's snow-balling, turned them, then sat down.

'Is there anything in it about the sea, or a battle, or knights on horseback?' asked Rex, anxiously.

'No, dear. This is a grown-up story—you wouldn't care for it.'

Rex looked disappointed. 'I'll tell you what I like mother:—the story of a true knight—he must be a true knight, you know—who puts on his armor and rides off to conquer. There must be a sea in it, of course, roaring, and shipwrecking some very noble people whom the knight succors. And I don't care how many battles you put in, for my knight is always victorious, though you often feel very anxious about him, he keeps doing so many perilous deeds of arms!'

'Next time you shall have one of that kind,' answered his mother. 'Or you shall make a story for yourself, some day, which will be better still. To-night I've had enough of stories, I think, dear. I am tired, tired!'

She was leaning back, looking weary, even haggard, with her eyes half closed. Rex felt his breath stop as he looked at her. What would he not have given not to hear her next words?

'I must have my medicine again, Rex. Hand it to me, and that wine-glass out of the cupboard.'

Poor little Rex! He grew quite pale and hung his head as he slowly rose and went to the cupboard. He had never really heard of the Skeleton in the Closet. If he had, he would have known when he opened the door that his stood there.

It was a translucent 'skeleton,' with a wide body, a long neck, and a glass stopper for a head, that contained a pale yellow fluid, very pretty, but with an odor that Rex detested. He did not call it his skeleton, but it was the same thing to him—a shame, a horror, about which he could never speak, least of all to his mother.

He had heard of people reeling and shouting from this medicine. He had seen them and loathed the thought of them; and many a time the idea had come into his mind, while his heart was almost bursting, that his mother had grown to like the dreadful dose. For his mother, sweet in other people's sight as well as little Rex's, good and loving, had, nevertheless, sent him to that cupboard for something he had vowed never to taste.

True, it was her physician who had ordered her to take it, but perhaps this old-fashioned doctor would have prescribed something else had he known the pangs poor Rex was made to suffer.

She, herself, had thought once or twice lately that it might be better to give it up, lest taking it should become a habit. But when she was troubled, and anxious for the future, the dose warmed and soothed her, and made her forget for a time her hard and precarious struggle for her own and her boy's existence.

Rex came slowly back, and stood before her, the skeleton in one hand, the wine-glass in the other. One question he always asked himself—how much could any one take before getting—he could not bear to pronounce or even think plainly of the dreadful word as applied to his beautiful mother.

How he longed to tell her all he felt! But the shame of seeming even to question if she could do wrong held him back.

Suddenly he exclaimed, 'I wish you had been a boy, mother! We'd have chummed then, wouldn't we? I wish you'd be my chum now!'

'Why, so I can be, darling! But you must tell me what my duties are. What does a chum do?'

She had poured out more than Rex had ever seen her take before; and now, putting the empty glass away, she drew him down upon her knee.

'Well, chums always stand up for each other, for one thing, and they always do things together.'

'Things? What, for instance?' She was stroking his head.

'Well, join things, you know. Now, there's our school-pledge—you didn't know I had joined the pledge, mother, did you?'

'What pledge, dear?'

The boy's heart was beating with shame at his boldness, and he hesitated.

'A great many of our fellows have joined it. It's a pledge, you know,—a promise never to smoke, or swear, or drink—anything. I wouldn't like to do any of those things when I'm a man!'

There was a silence. Oh, if she should be angry and put him away from her! But how could she know what he meant? Her hand ceased to stroke his hair, indeed, and her eyes looked away beyond him, miles and miles away. Thus did she always look when she was thinking very hard.

At last her glance came back and rested on his face. But she said only:

'No, Rex, indeed, you must do none of those things when you are a man.'

He was not satisfied, but he was too near tears to speak again. His mother, too, kept silence, still holding him on her knee.

'Bedtime!' she said presently. 'You must go to sleep and dream of Sir Launcelot, and that you yourself are a true knight as you must always try hard to be.'

His heart was full. He could only throw his arms about her neck, and whisper 'Good-night, mother, darling, chum!'

'Good-night, chum!' She answered tenderly, kissing him many times.

He had kept back his tears before her, but he cried on his pillow in the dark.

He remembered every word his teachers used, every look of horror on their faces as they lectured his class and said that the indulgence grew to habit, and grew, and became so troublesome that the strongest men could not then break away.

And then, oh then—he saw again those fearful people on the streets. Poor Rex shuddered. He could not, he dare not, he did not imagine his mother as dishevelled and wild, but rather as dead, and he with her, for fear of the habit, the growing habit, the habit that had brought so low the reeling men and women his memory pictured. He hated to think of such scenes.

He tried to shake them off and to see the lists, and Tristram, and Gareth, and his dear Sir Launcelot, but now no knightly figure in flashing steel would stay in his thoughts, and he sobbed himself into sleep and a policeman's dreadful clutch.

How could he save his mother? This was his chief thought on awaking, and for many a day thereafter, in school-hours and at his play; it rose up like a wall between him and her, and put them apart. He began looking morbidly about him on the streets for reeling figures, and at home he watched her for even a sign, even a flush.

One day, towards spring, coming home at what was usually her business time, he found her at her desk indeed, but with her head fallen upon it, fast asleep.

'Mother! mother!' he said.

But her sleep was sound, and he failed to rouse her. Terrified he stooped closer.

'Mother, mother darling! Here is Rex, home from school!'

Still no movement, but, ah, that dreaded odor and her flushed face! He turned sick and faint, and drew back instinctively. Was it—was it—that? Oh, what should he do?

He stood and looked at her, crushed by his misery.

Suddenly she moved, and the thought came to him: What if she should sit up now, and look at him with that look. Could he bear it? No, no, no! He must go away, somewhere. With a stifled sob he ran quickly out of the house and down the street. On he went, aimlessly—anywhere—it mattered little, sick with grief and terror.

Poor little Rex! There was no more dismayed heart than his in all that town, but he came upon one fellow-sufferer whose outward circumstances, at any rate, were worse.

He had wandered into a neighborhood that he had never visited before, and had found himself in a squalid street of wretched hovels. Before one of these stood an ambulance, at which he half paused to look, when the cottage door opened and on a litter was borne out a something covered over with many wrappings.

The litter was placed in the amoulance, which was driven away, leaving on the sidewalk Rex and a little girl, ragged, thin, and sobbing.

'What's the matter?' asked Rex, swallowing down the lump in his throat.

The girl pointed in the direction the ambulance had gone.

'That's my mother down with the fever. They're taking her to the hospital. Father's drunk, and we're very hungry, all of us!'

Rex went closer to her, with a strange feeling of sympathy.

'How many is "all of us"?' he asked.

'Me, and Bessie and Jimmy—they're younger'n me.'

'Look here!' he said, feeling in his pocket. 'Twenty-five cents will get a loaf of bread and ever so much milk!'

'You get it,' said the girl. 'At that corner, yonder.'

Rex sped down the street, returned with his purchases, and disappeared within the hovel.

Meanwhile, in the pretty parlor of his home, the little clock indicated six, yet to Mrs. Gravely's great alarm, Rex was still absent. She had risen long before, wondering that she had been so tired as to sleep in her chair, and was moving restlessly about, watching, wondering, nervously anxious at the boy's strange absence.

Half-past six! Where could he be—her good boy who was always so punctual? What could have happened?

Seven. Rex's little form at last, coming, oh! so slowly along the sidewalk. His mother ran to the door and drew him in.

'Rex, my darling, what does this mean? Where have you been? Why you have frightened your poor mother half to death!'

Pale, with traces of tears on his face, seeming scarce able to stand, Rex walked silently into the parlor. This clean, bright room was not like the fever-smitten one he had just quitted. This was his own darling mother, sweet and pretty as he had always known her, smiling even now to encourage him, though he had given her so cruel an alarm. His heart went out to her in renewed allegiance as a knight's to his queen. And yet—

'Rex, dear son, what is it? You must tell mother. Where have you been ever since school-time?'

She knelt down in front of him to bring her face on a level with his, and took both his hands in hers.

He had thought about it all the afternoon and taken a firm resolve. But there was a great sob in his voice, as he answered brokenly.

'I have been—at a dreadful—drunkard's house—with him and his poor little—ragged—starving—children.'

'Why, Rex! And what then? Go on, darling!'

'I—don't think—I can—bear—it—any longer!' he said, looking up piteously into her face.

'Bear what, dear? You are ill, my darling. I never saw you speak and act so strangely. Come with me, dear—come and lie on the sofa a while.'

Rising, she attempted gently to lead him away. But he broke from her, and ran to the cupboard, which in a kind of frenzy he opened. Seizing the skeleton he turned, and in agonized tones, exclaimed:

'Let me break it, mother! Oh, please, please forgive me, and let me break it!'

But before his startled mother could speak, the skeleton, held high in his trembling grasp, had dropped out of it. Striking against the stove, it fell shattered in a dozen pieces, while the wine ran in little streams over the carpet. With trembling, piteous lips, the boy sank upon his knees and cried aloud the words of prayer he had whispered in secret so many times:

'O God! save my darling mother, and keep her from the habit! For Christ's sake. Amen!'

It was a terrible moment for her. In one flash of mother-love and self-accusation she saw the whole working of the boy's mind—knew in an instant his tortures, his pangs, the sufferings he had endured before his loyal heart would permit him to speak.

With a mighty effort she controlled herself and ran up to him. He had attempted to rise, but his strength was spent, and he fell helplessly to the floor.

'Forgive me! forgive me!' he wept.

She lifted him to the sofa with loving words and tender ministerings, saying again and again: 'Mother is not angry. Rex is my good boy, my brave boy!'

But he heard not. His mind seemed to wander; he shivered from head to foot, and fell into a kind of stupor, while his mother, with a heavy heart, undressed and put him to bed.

The fever of which the poor drunkard's wife was sick had found many victims in the town, and Rex had caught it. Before morning he was delirious, and during the ravings of the next few days he poured out all the story.

No need to dwell on the mother's agony as she watched beside his bed, trembling for the precious life that hung on a thread. His feeble, loving hand had drawn her back from an abyss on the brink of which she had perhaps been standing—but would that hand be spared her, still to nestle in hers, to be her strength even while it was her care?

For a long time it was doubtful. But one day Rex fell into a quiet sleep from which he wakened with reason once more in his eyes. Yearningly his mother bent over him for a glance of recognition, and as he looked into the beloved face he whispered faintly, 'You are my chum!'

His chum, truly, according to his own definition. For two or three days afterwards, when he was strong enough to bear a little conversation, she brought him the book of schoolboy pledges, lent her by the master, and there he read, with happy eyes, two names bracketed together.

REGINALD GRAVELY.
MARION GRAVELY.

So Rex acted his story in real life, and won a victory more wonderful than any he had ever read in his books of battles on land or sea.—*Grace Fortune in Youth's Companion.*

A CHRISTIAN DIPLOMAT.

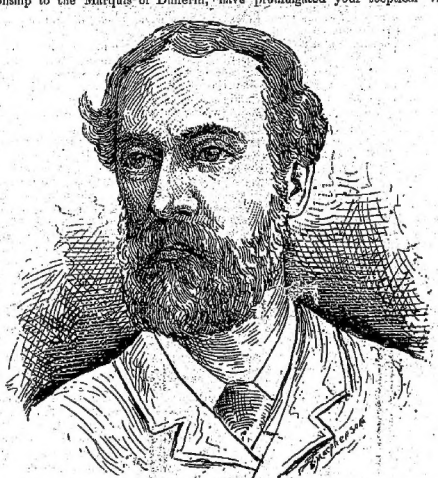
THE DEATH OF SIR A. S. BLACKWOOD, SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT AND LEADER OF VARIOUS EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

The death of Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood, on Oct. 2, occasions regret on both sides of the Atlantic. His lucid and scholarly articles on prophecy, have made his name familiar to men on this side of the Atlantic. Many of our citizens, too, have enjoyed personal intercourse with him when, during trans-Atlantic visits, they have had the privilege of attending the famous conferences at Mildmay Park. Since the death of Mr. Pennefather, who organized these conferences, Sir Arthur Blackwood has been president of the Mildmay Association, and his enthusiasm and organizing abilities have maintained the Conference at the high level they attained under their saintly founder.

His death will be severely felt at Mildmay and in other religious circles where his influence was a power for good. It appears that Sir Arthur has been in very poor health for some months past, and recently went to several watering-places in France and Germany in the hope of recovering his normal vigor. He was returning home when, on board the steamer on which he was crossing the channel from France to England, he was prostrated by a sudden seizure and became unconscious. On the arrival of the steamer, he was carried ashore and his family physician was summoned to his side. His condition was pronounced hopeless and in a few hours he passed away, without recovering consciousness.

Sir Arthur Blackwood was about sixty-three years old when he died. He commenced his career in the service of his government in 1851 as a clerk in the Treasury. He soon became noted for the conscientious care with which he performed all the duties intrusted to him and he was marked out for promotion. During the Crimean War he was sent out to the field to personally superintend the commissariat department of one of the divisions of the British army. The disgraceful break-down of the department in the first year of the war caused widespread disaffection, the relatives of the soldiers being indignant that the brave men who had gone out to fight their country's battles should be left without food and the common necessaries of life. The indignation became louder when it was found that the sufferings of the army in the inclement Russian winter were due to the bungling and blundering of government clerks. In the emergency, the young government clerk who had proved his capacity and painstaking devotion to duty was selected to remedy the defects and reorganize the commissariat service. His success was phenomenal and he returned with an assured position in the confidence of his superior officers. He was decorated with the Crimean medal with the clasps of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol and he also received the Medjidie medal from the Sultan of Turkey. He resumed his place in the Treasury Department, but in 1874 when the English government was adding the telegraph system to the Post Office Department it again had recourse to Mr. Blackwood's service. He was appointed Financial Secretary of the Post Office, and two years later, when the Post Office extended its field of operations by carrying small parcels of merchandise, Mr. Blackwood was promoted to be permanent chief of the department, and was knighted. In his new position he controlled 100,000 employees, and was responsible for the efficient working of the department. This position he retained under the Conservative and Liberal governments, and the Postmasters-General of both parties found in him a most reliable executive.

During all his official career, Sir Arthur Blackwood maintained a deep interest in religious matters. While he was still a young man, he commenced a series of Evangelistic services in the most aristocratic district of London, which finally developed into the great meetings at Willis's Rooms, where the converts included men and women belonging to the highest social circles. At his own house at Streatham in Surrey, where his wife, formerly Duchess of Manchester, presided with grace and dignity, some of the most eminent clergymen and evangelists were always among the guests and regular weekly meetings were held for Bible study. He subsequently removed to Cmyford and there he built a large mission hall and established one of those combinations of club and restaurant, which have proved in England the most successful rivals of the saloon. He was one of the most frequent speakers in his mission hall and it was noticed that his addresses were listened to with as much delight by the uneducated masses who gathered there as by rich and cultured audiences in the London drawing-rooms. Those addresses, many of which have been published, indicated a close and intimate knowledge of the Bible and a great deal of original thought. Underlying them was a spirit of devotion and simple dependence on the Holy Spirit's teaching which impressed every hearer. For twenty years his addresses were among the most stimulating and helpful of those delivered at the Mildmay Conferences and often gave the key-note to the whole of the sessions. It was mainly due to the wise choice which selected Sir Arthur as the successor of Mr. Pennefather that the Mildmay Conferences maintained and increased their influence. Through his marriage, and his relationship to the Marquis of Dufferin,



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR S. BLACKWOOD.

he had access to the highest social circles, but he was one of the most humble and unostentatious of men and throughout his life was a conspicuous illustration of the fact that high birth and position need be no bar to Christian activity and usefulness.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

'What a deformed, unsightly creature that Alec Forester is,' said Frank Boyd, to his friend Jack Donnell, as a diminutive, hunch-backed boy, leaning on the arm of his tall, handsome brother, Dick, came down the gravel walk from the College.

'Yes, poor fellow; he has a sorry time of it in this world,' assented Jack, looking pityingly after the brothers. 'He must feel his misfortune, though Dick's devotion makes up for much that he has lost.'

'He owes him all the devotion he can lavish upon him,' retorted Frank, with a suggestion of impatience in his voice. 'If I had brought such a calamity on a brother, I would feel that nothing I could do could ever atone for the injury done. Nothing! I could never forgive myself—never!' The fact that I had spoiled the life of one of my kindred, would haunt me to my dying day.'

'It was an accident, you know,' Jack said, persuasively. 'No doubt he suffers almost as keenly as Alec, when he looks upon his crooked form, knowing, as he does, that the poor fellow must go through the world always a cripple.'

'He would be a strange kind of a brother if he did not,' replied Frank sharply. 'I don't see how he can get any pleasure out of life with that monstrosity continually before his eyes, to remind him of what might have been avoided, but was not.'

'There are other injuries inflicted sometimes, by those who profess to love us, which leave deeper scars, and more surely blight the soul, than the very worst of physical deformities. I refer to moral contaminations, which are as enduring as the soul itself,' replied Jack.

'If there can be worse deformity than the one carried about in the poor, distorted body of Alec Forester, I have not been so unfortunate as to be brought in contact with it,' replied Frank, obstinately.

'And yet, my dear fellow, you have inflicted deeper wounds, made more hideous disfigurement upon the souls of some of your associates in this very college, than those carried about in the twisted and warped body of unfortunate Alec Forester,' insisted Jack, with decided emphasis, keeping his eye fixed squarely on the face of the astonished critic before him.

'Explain yourself,' demanded Frank, with chilling civility. 'When, or in what manner, have I been guilty of such base crimes as you have charged upon me?'

'All the days of your life, in which you have promulgated your sceptical views, mark periods wherein you have left scars on the souls of those whose faith you have undermined,' asserted Jack. 'How many students in this college will carry the impress of your defilement out into the world, and in turn stamp other pure lives with the stain with which you have tarnished theirs! It is a very serious thing to uproot the faith of others, particularly when you have nothing to offer them instead.'

'I force my peculiar views on none,' retorted Frank, icily, 'but I insist that I have the same privilege of expressing them that belongs to you, or any other man. I proselyte no one.'

'But views, such as you entertain, disseminate poison, and no one has a right to scatter such germs broadcast to the world,' Jack returned, with decision.

'If the tares grow, uprooting the wheat, you have only to pluck them up and sow good seed again in their place,' said Frank, more disturbed than he would have cared to own by Jack's argument.

'Ah, but that is not so easily done,' remonstrated Jack. 'You must have learned by this time that it is next to impossible to undo a wrong of this kind. It is much easier to pollute a field with thistle seeds than to gather up the crop after the destructive plants have, in turn, cast their germs into the prolific earth. Go to some of those whose faith you have unsettled, and persuade them to return to their allegiance to their father's God.'

The conversation was interrupted at this point, but Jack's pungent words had made too vivid an impression on Frank's mind to be soon forgotten. He had been reared in a Christian home, and the thought that he had turned his back on the teachings of a praying mother worried him more than he would have cared to acknowledge. After his discussion with Jack he never saw the crippled hunch-back without recalling Jack's words about the distorted souls he had made, and the more he thought on the subject the more he became convinced that he had been a moral scourge among the boys in college. He began to read his Bible carefully, and, before many weeks, prayerfully as well; and soon therefore he came knocking at the door of the Church for admission—confessed Christ, was baptized, and at once laid himself on God's altar—to be used how and when and where the blessed Master should choose to employ him. His first thoughts, after he had consecrated himself to Christ, were for those whom he had led astray, but it was just as Jack had said—much easier to sow the tares than to uproot them. As he labored and prayed with, and for, some of those whose souls he felt he would be held accountable, he realized how utterly impossible it was to undo the wrong he had done; how hard it was to erase disfigurements from souls he had defaced.

'Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'—*Exchange.*

THREE METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY.

1. THE INTERESTED METHOD. I assure that long before I became a Christian I read the Bible because I was deeply interested in it. How could I help being? The pabulum upon which my childish mind was fed contained a large proportion of Bible stories. The portions read at the family altar frequently were selected with reference to interesting the children. During the long quarantine which followed an attack of scarlet fever I was cut off from access to all books save a Bible. Then it was that my boyish passion for history found new delights in Kings and Chronicles. Nor did the spiritual teaching of these books escape me. Rulers that honored God and reformed the nation became my heroes; and I found myself turning from these pages of Bible history to the New Testament, which proclaims the King who 'reigns in righteousness;' and unto that King I at first gave my admiration, but afterwards my allegiance and devotion. This interested method I hold to be very important. It is naturally and philosophically first in a practical discussion of methods.

2. THE GENEALOGICAL METHOD.—A thorough acquaintance with a mercantile business involves a knowledge of certain numbers and names and brands. Mechanical pursuits have their necessary nomenclature. Modern educators freely employ synopses and paradigms. A similar purpose is subserved by the genealogies of the Bible. We are admonished 'not to give heed to endless genealogies,' but that warning shows not the worthlessness but the limitations of genealogies. I would not suggest a chapter of genealogies for devotional reading as one was about to retire for the night, any more than I would prescribe a dose of druggist's labels to cure pain. But I have been helped to grasp and correlate and remember the events of English history by knowing the names of the monarchs from Egbert to Victoria; and I have also been helped to grasp and correlate and remember events and facts of Old Testament Scripture by some acquaintance with the genealogical tables.

3. THE TREATISE METHOD.—I use this designation for want of a better. What I mean is that we should study certain portions of the Bible as treatises on particular subjects. The remark applies especially to the epistles. At the memorial services of a certain minister, who had been highly esteemed as an expounder of Scripture, his own statement was quoted that he had formed his theological views on some subjects that were named by reading certain epistles of the New Testament. That, though manifestly the right plan, is not so common as could be desired. We read religious treatises by modern authors and too often use the Bible as though it were simply a book of proof-text or a compilation of devotional passages. Such is a very narrow conception of the sacred volume. The Bible claims from us earnest, consecutive study.—*Belle E. Cox.*

A mouth that's quite small has Dick Dutton,
But HAYSTACKS he eats like a glutton,
—If cows chew the hay
And in their own way
Convert them to milk for Dick Dutton.

J. Bridgman '92.

TWO WAYS OF SEEING

BY PANSY.

Janie Smith stood on the steps and watched the four-horse stage coach as it whirled grandly around the curve, and the driver drew up in front of the depot.

Janie had never been in the stage, for two reasons: one was, she had no money to pay the fare, and the other, that she had nowhere to go. She lived at the foot of the hill, just out of sight of both cars and stage, but one of her pleasures was to start for the mill with her father's dinner in time to see all the bustle and delightful confusion occasioned by the coming of the stage from Durram in time to meet the express train going east. It was 'just grand,' Janie said.

This morning a little feeling of envy mingled with her pleasure. Miss Josephine Jennings was in the stage, and got out at the depot, and actually bought a ticket for herself, taking out a Russia leather portmonnaie, and paying for it, like a travelled young lady, and she was four months and seventeen days younger than Janie.

She had never been in the stage before in her life, for the reason that, when the Jennings were at their country seat in the summer the carriage and horses were there too, and Miss Josephine had but to order them to the door when she wished to ride; but she thought no more of taking a seat on the cars, and riding to the city, than Janie did of taking a seat in the wheelbarrow, and being wheeled to the barn.

And here was this same Janie, who actually longed for just one peep inside those wonderful cars, and who could not think of any errand so disagreeable that she would not have done it, for the sake of one look at that great, beautiful, bewildering city of Albany, twenty-seven miles away.

She drew a long woe-begone sigh as she watched Miss Josephine go calmly through the amazing ordeal of buying her ticket, and having her trunk checked, which sigh was re-echoed, and the expression of envious discontent deepened on her round freckled face as she stared carefully at Josephine, and took in every little item of her travelling attire.

How splendid she was! A seal-brown travelling suit of some rich soft stuff that Janie did not know the name of, but she knew it was elegant; a brown hat with a long brown feather, and a spray of mosses and ferns that looked real enough to have cost a great deal of money; a delicate brown veil, pinned with a tiny gold clasp around the hat, French kid gloves, and a travelling satchel of Russia leather.

Janie did not know of these fashionable names. She only knew that the whole effect was elegant and costly in the extreme, and was a marked contrast to the square little figure in a brown and white calico, that was getting too short, and a grey sack with torn button-holes, and much too short-waisted, and bare hands, and clumsy calf-skin shoes. That was Janie Smith, the miller's daughter.

Janie looked down on her calf-skin boots, covered with dust, in utter disgust and dissatisfaction. Things looked very unevenly divided in this life. Why couldn't she have some of the bright, and pretty, and good, instead of having this girl almost smothered under double share?

She set her father's dinner-basket out of sight, for Miss Josephine was nibbling a cream date, and it seemed to Janie that she could see right through her basket and get a glimpse of the cold baked beans and fat pork, and the apple-pie and doughnuts, wrapped in a brown towel, that were to make up her father's dinner.

What would the elegant Miss Josephine have thought of them! She on her part looked at Janie, not with a disdainful air at all, but somewhat wistfully, and if that young lady could have seen her heart, she would have been amazed to find that in it was a thought like this:

'It must be fun to tramp around, and not be afraid of spoiling anything. I suspect she has a real good time. I wonder where she is going, and if she has been riding in that big waggon this morning.'

The train whistled while the two girls stood eying each other, and the young traveller picked up her Russia leather satchel, and went down the steps, and up the steps into the cars, with the indifferent air of one long accustomed to performances of this kind, followed by the gaze of one who was growing more dissatisfied every minute.

Other people had been watching her too. The good-natured expressman as he walked back and forth, whistling and waiting for the train to start, turned and looked until her stylish little form was hidden by the cars, and then he, too, drew a long sigh, but the words he said were:

'Poor little thing!'

Janie turned around and eyes him scornfully. What could a man be but an idiot who saw anything in that lovely-looking, beautifully-dressed girl to pity.

'Poor little thing!' Mr. Johnson, the village shoemaker, echoed this in great surprise.

'You seem to be staring after little Miss Jennings, but I take it you see somebody else, seeing she is the daughter of the richest man in this part of the country.'

'I meant her all the same,' though; money ain't everything, if it is handy to have.'

'Well, as far as that is concerned, the Jennings have about everything else you can think of, and as they're clever sort of folks, too, better than rich people generally are, it's plaguy hard to see where the pity comes in for them.'

'It comes in though; there is a place for it in most people's lives, I reckon. That little thing going off so chirk and pretty this morning, ain't no kind of an idea what she is going to. You see she has been up to the house for a few days with no one but the housekeeper and servants; and her father he was brought home hurt yesterday, from them machine works of his, and it ain't no ways likely that he's living this morning. They telegraphed to have her come down home as if nothing had happened; not say a word to her, you know, and her uncle would meet her at the depot. So there she goes as happy as a bird, and I can't help saying, "Poor child!"'

Janie Smith, standing just behind him, heard every word of this story. Before it was finished her breath began to come hard and fast, she picked up her basket and ran ran every step of the way to the mill.

'Here's my lassie,' she heard her father's cheery voice say as she rushed in. How good and precious his dusty face looked, how close Janie clung to him, and with what eager haste she kissed his cheeks, his eyes, his very hair!

Her father alive, and well and happy, and there was poor, poor Josephine. How much trouble there was in the world, and how little of it seemed ever to come to her.

These things she thought as she sat and watched her father enjoy his pork and beans, and wondered if 'poor' Josephine's father could be really dead, and wondered how it felt to be very unhappy, and said within her ignorant little heart that she would never, never be so foolish as to want anything nice and pretty again, so long as her dear, dear father was well and strong, and she could bring him beans and doughnuts.

GAMES IN SCHOOL.

GERTRUDE SMITH IN 'SCHOOL NEWS.'

PRIMARY GAMES.—I have several games that I have tried in my school which I believe primary teachers will welcome as practical helps. One is:

THE 'STORY GAME.'—The story is written on a large card; each line across the card making a complete sentence. On little cards is written each word that occurs on the large card. The arrangement of these little cards in the order of the words on the large card is a work of pleasure to the children. The one whose work is first done correctly is considered the victor.

THE 'WORD GAME' is played in this way: A pile of small cards, on which words are printed, is placed in the centre of the table. The child who can tell correctly the most words on the cards until the centre pile is gone is the victor this time. But one word is given at a time.

If the child does not know the word given him, the card is put back in the centre pile and another given.

THE 'NUMBER GAME' I find to be a great help in quick number work. In this game are small cards on which I have written single combination of numbers as high as the class have taken. The number of cards used in a game depends on the time that can be given to play a game. These cards are placed in the centre of the table, and but one card is given at a time. As soon as the child has thought of the answer, a hand is raised and another card given. The one who has the most cards when the centre pile is gone wins the game.

It is surprising how soon the multiplication table may be learned by this game method. I can but compare the eagerness with which my pupils look forward to the days we play 'multiplication,' to the days I spent in study on that hated multiplication table.

For all these games I keep the cards in envelopes with the name of the game written on the outside. For cards I have used Bristol board or stiff paper. For the youngest children I have the cards of different colors. This makes the game more attractive, and they learn the different colors at the same time they are learning the words.

The following geographical game is worthy of note:—It has for a foundation some directions found in an old school paper years ago. Each pupil is to be prepared with pencil and paper. I allow a certain time, say five minutes, for writing all the geographical names beginning with a certain letter which I name, after all directions are given. At the end of the time, the one who has the largest number of names tallies ten. One pupil is called upon to read his list. As he names each, those who do not have it, raise hands. If no other has the word, if he can tell of what it is the name and where it is, he tallies a number equal to all in the game excepting himself. Otherwise each of the others tallies one. After his list is finished, others are called upon, until all names are read. Then tally marks are compared and the winner announced.

A PLAIN TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Do you want to know, says the editor of *American Youth*, where the boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscle, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says: 'No tobacco in schools.' It spoils their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France; 'No tobacco' is the response. Try West Point and Annapolis—'Drop that cigarette,' is the word. Indeed, smoking boys are not likely to get as far as that. Major Huston, of the marine corps who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is: 'Do you smoke?' 'No, sir,' is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use beer, tobacco or cards the bank has no use for you.

Business life demands fine brains, steady nerve, firm conscience. Watch the boys. See one sixteen years of age, smokes, probably chews and drinks. Babes of seven and eight are at it. The vice increases. I could pile up statistics by the hour, testimony from the highest medical authority, of the misery preparing and already come.

JACK'S LESSON.

Jackie didn't like his lessons,
Hated spelling worst of all;
Such a fuss about a letter,
If he wrote 'I play at bal.

Who would care, except a teacher,
For a tiny fault like that?
Down went pen and off flew Jackie,
For the postman knocked tat-tat,

Ha! a letter, too, for Jackie,
Come from Brighton. Uncle Joe
What he needed for his birthday
Straight by post would like to know.

No more grumbling now for Jackie,
Paper, pen, he called for quick,
'Dearest Uncle,' wrote while smiling,
'I do think you are a brick!

'Rabbits I am very fond of—
The new sort that's rather rare;
Mother sends her love to Susie;
'Can you let me have a pair?

Now, good-by, your loving Jackie,'
Off the letter went at once,
But next week upon his birthday,
Puzzled was the little dunce.

By a small brown-paper parcel,
Coming from his Uncle Joe,
With some common pears inside it—
Three-a-penny ones, you know.

'Stupid Uncle Joe!' he shouted,
Stamped his foot and tore his hair,
Till his teacher softly whispered:
'Jackie, how do you spell pair?'

Very red turned Master Jackie,
Nothing more had he to say!
Uncle Joe had taught a lesson,
And—the rabbits came next day.

THE WORLD'S BABIES.

REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A., IN 'SUNDAY MAGAZINE.'

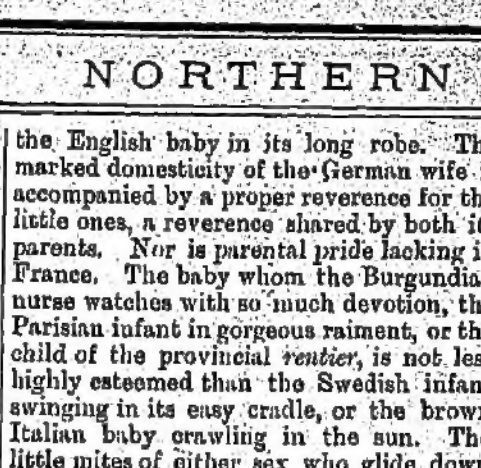
NOT so many years ago they used to tell in East London of a sturdy personage who, with his wife, applied for and obtained places as master and matron in a small institution. Appended to the list of requirements to be sought in candidates were the words, 'No encumbrances.' But when these two entered into possession of their house they carried with them a tribe of lively, vigorous children. Then the authorities, moved with indignation, said, 'We appointed you on the understanding that you had no encumbrances; but you turn up here with a family of seven!' Whereupon the new master replied, 'These are my children, and they are no encumbrance to me.'

The example and teaching of Christ have so far influenced ourselves nationally that in the main the child is not deemed an encumbrance. The average English parents love their children in degrees that vary with their temperament. There are exceptions—too many exceptions—as we all now know, and ought to have known long ago. But the cult of the baby has unnumbered followers in modern England.

It is well that it should be so. Almost the only thing which many of our children have in common with their fellows is the love of their mother. The Hyde-Park baby, sitting in its own little chariot, and wheeled solemnly about by a middle-aged nurse of a somewhat acid appearance, has been robbed of its best prerogative if it does not enjoy this love. The brown-skinned child of the gipsy hawker, borne in the Oriental way upon its mother's hip, at least owns that. The pale and sickly child of the worn woman who vends laces and matches in Ludgate Hill or Fleet street has the same possession—unless there is deceit in the look she sometimes gives the child, and a lie in the action that draws the old shawl closer around the little one as the rain comes on. The youngest born of the Italian organ-grinder, sleeping by the hour in a wooden box on the front of the piano-organ truck, is shadowed by the same love; for give the mother a sweet morsel for the child, and she looks even more grateful than on receipt of the tributary penny. But we cannot insure that every mother shall cherish her offspring; we can only encourage all that makes for reverence of child-life and repress with a firm hand the cruel vagaries of hardened or perverted natures.

A GERMAN BABY.

In our regard for children we have no decisive advantage over other European nations. The curiously swathed German baby, packed up, as it were, for carriage through the post, is just as well loved as the English baby in its long robe. The marked domesticity of the German wife is accompanied by a proper reverence for the little ones, a reverence shared by both its parents. Nor is parental pride lacking in France. The baby whom the Burgundian nurse watches with so much devotion, the Parisian infant in gorgeous raiment, or the child of the provincial *rentier*, is not less highly esteemed than the Swedish infant swinging in its easy cradle, or the brown Italian baby crawling in the sun. The little mites of either sex who glide down the Swiss mountain-paths on toboggans are at least as happy as the children of the same age who frolic in London alleys or plod solemnly to the village schools in rural England. But the same conditions are not discoverable all the world over. Heathendom is sometimes tolerant of, and sometimes even devoted to, its children; but it also encourages a frightful waste of child-life.



CHILDREN OF MADAGASCAR.

In China the welcome of the baby is largely dependent on its sex. If it be a boy all is well; if it be a girl, it must go in some peril of its life. Its very name ('Lead along a brother,' or 'Come, younger brother') may suggest that the parents' hopes are centred on something else. That friend, we are told, is beyond measure soft-hearted who can bring herself to console the mother by saying, 'Ah, well, even girls are of some use!' With a boy it is otherwise, and, strapped to the back of an attendant, or upon its mother's, if she be poor, he can view the world with the eye of one who is already saluted as of the superior order therein. But the amazing frequency of child-murder, child-exposure, and kindred crimes, has not gone unreproved even amongst the Chinese themselves. The same sights which moved the heart of Captain Coram in England have impelled philanthropic Chinese to establish foundling hospitals. But even when the girl baby is suffered to live, she may be traded away for as small a sum as a shilling. Some thrifty parent may think it worth while to buy the girl as a wife some day for her son, who is at the time of her purchase himself little more than an infant. It is better to be a boy than to be a girl in China, and that even apart from the torture which fashion compels in the process of feet-binding.

FLAT-HEAD INDIANS.

In Japan child-life is universally reverenced. The land is, said Sir Rutherford Alcock years ago, 'a very paradise of babies.' Grave adults do not deem it beneath their dignity to talk and play with the quaint little men and women in miniature who represent the children of Japan. If the mother carries her infant upon her back, so that the hands are left free for labor, the father is well pleased to bear the little one in his arms. 'I never saw people take so much delight in children,' wrote Mrs. Bishop (nee Bird.) 'It is most amusing, about six every morning, to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child under two years in his arms, fondling, and playing with and showing off its physique and intelligence.' To be a baby in Japan seems to be a privilege no other infant in the world need slight. It is because of this that the children are full of good temper and politeness? Even amongst the Ainu, the hairy aboriginal race, whose women lead a life of unvarying toil and sorrow, the mothers are described by Mr. Batchelor as 'very fond of their children.' If a little one spends hours quite alone in the hut, in its cradle suspended from the roof, it is only because its mother is hard at work outside in occupations more fitted for her husband. But at least the cradle is warm, and hangs in the cosiest place by the fireside. The children are no 'encumbrances.' If they come not, the heathen Ainu take it as a sure token of punishment from the gods.

A HINDOO BABY.

In China it is the child's sex that endangers its life. Elsewhere boy or girl may be in equal peril. There is a district in Eastern Equatorial Africa where there is an awkward prejudice in the matter of a child's teething. The infant so misguided as to cut a top tooth first is deemed to lie under the influence of an evil spirit, and must needs be put to death for the community's good. In Madagascar, outside the influence of Christianity, there is an equally dangerous belief touching lucky or unlucky days for a child's birth. Certain days are especially unlucky. Little ones born therein might be expected, as a matter of nature, to bring sorrow upon their parents, or, if slaves, upon their masters. To avert so unpleasant a contingency the babe is killed. Some drown the child at once. Others have sought to give it one chance more of life by an appeal to the dumb beasts. The child was placed at the village gate, or near the entrance of an ox-pit in the yard outside the house. If the returning cattle trampled out the infant life, there was an end of the matter; but if the beasts, kinder than man, passed it by unhurt, then the shadow of evil was lifted from its future life, and the mother carried her babe home rejoicing. Mr. H. F. Standing, in his delightful book about Malagasy children, tells this story on the authority of a native scholar: 'On one occasion a little child belonging to a slave woman . . . was placed at the gate of an ox-pit, when seven oxen were being driven home in the evening. The first, on coming to the place where the baby lay, put its nose down and smelt it, or, as the Malagasy say, 'kissed' it, for their kissing consists in nose-rubbing, then, at one bound, jumped over it and down into the pit below. The second came up and smelt it, and leapt over in the same way; the third came and did just the same, and the fourth, and so on until the seventh, and it, too, jumped right over the little one without harming it in the least.' Of the children saved by this experience one, at least, grew to great honor in the land, and was husband to three queens of Madagascar.

WOMAN AND CHILD—VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

If the children of Madagascar suffer, it is not because their mothers' love is deficient, but because harsh custom ignores that love. The Malagasy mother is not alone in the sacrifice thus demanded of her. The Hindoo mother loves her child, and cares for it with a solicitude which has won the admiration even of European observers. Yet custom, whilst unrestrained by the British power, promoted, even enjoined, infanticide. And here, too, of course, it was the girls who were in peril; girls equally of rich and poor. In some respects it was a mere affair of money. That a girl should be unmarried was disgraceful to her parents, But the needful husband meant a dowry, and that, it might be, was hard to find. So the child was slain, and the consolations of religion were not wanting to the parent who took the life that sprang of her own.

Let us turn from this picture to another. Infancy amongst the Indians of North America has its perils, especially to the weak; but they are less conspicuous than those of China or India. The little one is not, however, a very serious trouble to its mother. Carried, as some of the tribes carry it, packed into a small cradle and slung upon its mother's back, it must learn early in life the stoicism which we used to place to the Red Man's credit.

When the mother is at work she can suspend the cradle to the branch of a tree overhead, remembering now and then to send it swinging from side to side, for the greater contentment of the child. The little one carried upon its mothers's back in the picture is the victim of a fashion no less irrational than the feet-binding of the Chinese. Some tribes are dissatisfied with the form nature has given to the skull, and, by the early application of pads, seek to obtain for it the cone-shape, so much admired in their women. In other districts the same means are used to produce a flat square-shaped head. To have lacked in childhood such maternal attentions is to have lost a right. To be left with the head unshaped, where one sex or the other is so treated, is to incur the taunt hurled by one little boy at his playmate—'Your mother was too lazy to flatten your head.' Yet even where this is done the mothers are devoted to their children. She who harshly chastises her offspring falls in her neighbors' estimation, and for very shame will learn to curb her temper. It is not comfortable to reflect that in so many lands we should look in vain for examples of child-torture equivalent to those which so freely stain the character of our own.

WOMAN AND CHILD—MADAGASCAR.

A FINGO WOMAN AND CHILD—AFRICA.

MALAGASY SCHOOL BOYS.

LOW-CASTE WOMEN IN INDIA.

Did you ever see the picture representing 'Division of Labor,' as understood by some of the 'lords of creation?' It consists of a man and a cigar carrying a stove-pipe, while the woman and babe carries the stove.

Just such divisions as this occur among the lower castes of Hindoostan. Not literally, however, for should the stove require moving, the husband and father would have naught whatever to do with it; the woman would be expected to do it all. For our first cousins in India are never bothered with putting up stove-pipes at house-cleaning time. In the first place they have no stove-pipes, and in the second, they never clean house.

What a paradise that would be for the American 'Johns' who so dislike the semi-annual 'topsy-turvy' period. The women not only move the stoves in the house and out at will, but make them also. They mould them of clay, forming depressions at the top into which the fuel is placed and over which the food is cooked. Should the room become too full of smoke the women can either go out of doors themselves or set the stove out.

After the frugal meal is prepared the man always eats first, while his wife stands behind him and waits upon him. He would consider himself everlastingly disgraced should he eat with her. And no greater insult could you offer to him than to inquire of his lordship as to his 'bibi's health.'

And she, modest creature, does not regard herself fit to take her husband's name upon her lips. In this she is like her high-caste sister.

The low-caste Hindoos live in various mohullahs. A mohullah is the name applied to a collection of mud huts, occupied by near relatives belonging to the lower castes. They are often built in long rows on either side of the street, although they are more often seen crowded together with no regularity whatever.

These rooms—a room is a house—are very low, very rough, and very insecure. During heavy rains whole villages are swept away.

Mohullah women work hard each day, at home or abroad, wherever their caste occupation leads them; hence, do not 'observe purdah,' and are often seen in the bazaars and upon the streets. They work in the fields, weave, spin, mould clay into drinking-vessels, sweep, carry water, bear heavy loads upon their heads, grind at the mill, and in fact do whatever the men do, or should do. No matter what their conditions of health, they are expected to fulfill their daily tasks.

At different times we took some of our older Christian girls with us to some of the outlying mohullahs, that they might act as interpreters and aid in the work. At one place a man gruffly said: 'My wife can't attend your meeting; she must weave.' 'But,' said I, 'she has been working hard all morning and must work again this afternoon; cannot she rest a few moments now?'

'No, she can't! She must weave!'

She had prepared breakfast, all of which he had eaten, then gone for miles to work in the field, returned home to cook dinner, after which she would again work in the field until dark, then return home. He had done nothing all morning, still he compelled her to weave at noon.

Asking the other women to gather around her door we sang and talked to them. Again and again would they call for a song or ask questions. A more interested audience could not be imagined. We thought we had seen women cruelly treated upon the plains, but we never truly realized how base the men could be until we had spent some time on the Himalaya mountains, at 'Epworth' cottage, near Almora. The women are bought and sold like cattle. They do all the hard work, are clothed in rags and scarcely get enough to eat—although from early morn till late at night engaged in the most arduous labor. Very often they have one and the same sleeping apartment with the cattle. Should a mountaineer be asked aught in regard to his possessions, in answer he will tell the amount of land he owns, the number of cattle and wives.

Women are often sold for debt, or 'thrown in' with a purchase of land. They have no time 'to keep house,' and as the lower story of the house is used for a stable, you cannot wonder at the prevalence of cholera; for no refuse is ever cleared away, no garbage burned.

During the cholera plague the men are cared for as long as the women are able to do so; but they themselves, by the hundreds, are left alone to die uncared for. They are usually glad to die but for the fear which haunts them of returning again in the form of an impure animal or even another woman.

They can never hope to reach the land of perpetual rest or nothingness until they have been in this world in the form of a man. For this each woman offers oblations, sacrifices and prayers that the gods will turn the tide of their hatred and permit her to have her next birth in the form of a baby boy. The boys and men are loved of the gods, while the girls and women are the result of vindicative spite-work on the part of demons. But a brighter day is dawning for India's enthralled women.—*Ella Bartlett Simmons, in The Farm and Fireside.*

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF CAPT. JOHN.

A TRUE TALE.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.

He was a river pirate. His father and father's father were river pirates before him. He never read his Bible, he could not read. He never went to church for the same reason that the fox kept clear of the trap. He might get caught. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. He belonged to 'the Jinks tribe.' Everyone who knew that 'tribe' would instantly exclaim, Enough said! A little hovel under the river bank, a dingy old boat, armed with axe and pike pole and possibly more questionable implements, were his possessions: the open river and any man's property the field of his operations. He had a wife after his own heart, and children—well, they were in the Jinks line. Here Captain John lived—and labored at river piracy, until he was sixty. Every year he grew more weather-beaten, dark, and tough without and within. Ignorance, superstition, whiskey, tobacco, blasphemy, vices of all shapes and lines, had united their diabolic forces in begetting a man and moulding his life for sixty years.

One day I was called down from my study 'to see a man.' When I entered the room this is what I saw: A man whom I would have pronounced an Indian chief except for his iron gray hair and clothes. He looked from head to foot as if he had been hewn out of a huge log of ancient tawny wood with a broad axe, and left 'in the rough.' He fixed his small, keen, gray eyes upon me with the steady glare and fascination of a wild animal, and in just such a voice as must come from such a throat began:

'Be you the minister?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Well, sumthin's happened to me, and I've come to tell ye.'

'May I ask who you are?'

'Yes, ye kin. I'm Captain John. John Jinks. I belong down to the river. Sumthin queer's happened to me. It was yisterday afternoon, and I haint slept since, and I haint et nothin' neither. An' I don't feel sleepy nor hungry neither. I feel so good. It seems as if eatin' and drinkin' 'ud spile it all till I telled it to some one, that is, to some one as knowed. You're the minister, hain't ye?'

'Yes, Captain, what is it?'

'Waal, yisterday afternoon I went out to cut my ole woman some wood. I cut a spell, and then I begun to feel kinder bad. I didn't know what ailed me, but I felt bad. I said to myself, I hain't sick, I et my dinner all right. I haint got no aiks nor pains. I sot down on a log and looked up and down the river. Tho't I'd rest a spell. But the longer I sot the worse I felt. Well, I said to myself, sumthin's the matter with ye, ole man? Ye haint never felt like this afore, as I rec'lect. I guess ye'd better go and lay down. So I went up in my chomber and laid down on the bed. I wasn't sleepy, and I didn't go to sleep neither. But whilst I lay there lookin' up at the rofters, if ye'll believe me all at once they began to look shiny. I lay there starin' at 'em till they got as shiny as gold. I remember I sort o' chuckled to myself, sayin', 'Well, ole man, ye never expected to have a chomber with gold rofters, did ye?' Then I sot up and looked round, and the hull room was just as shiny as the rofters. Everythin' in it was so bright it kinder dazzled me like. And the chomber looked bigger. Suddenly, I didn't see 'em come, nor hear 'em, but all tu wunst there was some nice old men sittin' all round the room. They had white hair, and long white bairds, and white clo'es. They was nice lookin' ole fellers, I tell ye; I never seed none like 'em nowhere. An' they all jest ris right up outen the floor and sot there, just as I've seen the white inist rise up outen the river. They didn't say nothin' to me, nor I didn't say nothin' to them. We jest sot there and looked at each other. But they looked at me mighty kind and good. And they was all so clean and white and they looked so kinder soft and nice outen their eyes, that arter awhile I began to feel shamed. Seemed 's if they were lookin' right into me and all through me; and none on 'em said a word till it seemed 's if I'd hev to holler. Then if ye'll believe it, all to once there cum flutterin' right down from the gold rofters the pootiest lectle white dove ye ever seed. It seemed 's if its wings was all silver, they was so white an' it hovered down and lit right in the middo of the shiny floor. (So lost was the old man in his vision that he imitated with his great, leathery, square hands the hovering of the dove, bending his body to the floor as if he still saw it.) And when the ole men saw it, they all smiled, an' I smiled, too, and when they seed me smilin' at the lettle dove, they smiled again more'n afore. Then all to once my eyes begun to get kinder hazy, and when I looked up at the rofters, I seed they was turning back into wood again, an' the walls they kinder cumed together again, and putty soon there I was in my ole chomber again jest as twas afore. But I kin tell ye, minister, somehow or other that light off'n them rofters and clabboards hes got right in here.' He struck his chest a resounding blow that would have felled an ordinary man. 'An that lettle white dove seem's if I can jest feel it right in here a fluttering them lettle shiny wings, all covered with silver, and I tell ye, I never felt nothin' like it afore.'

Here the old man's voice failed and the tears streamed down his seamed, weather-beaten face. 'An' what's strange, minister, I don't want to go on the river no more; an' I can't swear no more; it scares me for them nice ole men seem to be jest lookin' right into me. An' then I felt jest like prayin', but I'm kinder feared to do that, 'cause I've done nothing but swear ever sence I can remember. An' I don't know what ye ought to say. So jest look up into the sky an' say, "Oh, Lord, don't let that shiny feelin' and that lettle dove git outen my heart.'

'My ole woman says I'm sick. But I haint sick; never felt so well in my life. I haint et nor slept any for nigh onto a day and night. But how kin ye eat and sleep when ye feel just like shoutin' and singin' and runnin' and jumpin' all the time. I tell her if this is bein' sick, I wish I'd never been well, nor ever 'ud git well again. I want to be sick all the rest of my life if this is bein' sick. And now, minister, I've cum to ask ye what to do, for it seem's if sumthin' oughter be done; an' sumthin' kept a sayin' inside here, "Go 'n see that minister, an' he'll tell ye what to do."'

The old man paused and turned to me with the simple, eager expectation of a child. My heart sank within me, for it flashed upon me that here is a mind utterly vacant of Biblical and church lore. There was no starting-point. So putting up a little prayer for help I went to the old man with outstretched hands, putting one in his hand and one on his shoulder, for I felt strangely drawn to him, and said, 'Captain John, my dear brother, the Lord has been with you. For your life, don't you do, or say, or think anything to darken that light in your heart or to soil the wings of that little dove. Now let us get down on our knees here and pray.' We poured out our hearts in thanksgiving and prayer. I knew he was praying with me by the deep sighs and groans and hearty 'Yes, yes.'

The rest of Captain John's story is soon told. From that time on he was a new being. He soon found reputable work. Blasphemy and vulgarity passed as by magic from his speech. He was a constant and most devout worshipper at church and prayer-meeting. Often when I came down from the pulpit, Captain John would be waiting for me, his face aglow; he would seize my hands in a vice-like grip, saying, 'Ye got it right, minister, ye got it right this mornin'; I knowd it, I knowd it; glory to His name.'

We never failed of a good prayer-meeting when Captain John was present. A few fresh and startling words from him would instantly dissipate the air of unreality which too often broods over such assemblies, and bring us to a consciousness of His presence, who speaks to His children heart to heart. If we were in a leaden mood, the brethren solemnly and perfunctorily 'occupying the time,' a deep groan from Captain John, or a suppressed Hallelujah, would startle us from our drowsiness like a call from heaven. A sense of shame would steal upon us, that we could be so slow and dull of heart when there was one in our midst filled with glory and triumph.

So he lived in the joy of the Lord, growing in grace and in favor with God and man. That first light caught from the 'gold rofters and clabboards' of his poor little garret, never seemed to fade. The white dove in his heart had never taken its flight. Captain John died in the vision and victory of that light which came down out of God from heaven, and fell in transfiguration upon the poor little pirate hut under the river bank.—*Evangelist.*

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